

THE QUILL

MARCH, 1938

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



Tomorrow's
Newspaper?
(See Page 3)

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

Founded 1912



VOLUME XXVI

MARCH, 1938

NUMBER 3

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

ONE of the reasons we're always glad to get hold of a new book by a newspaperman or woman is that you almost always find a collection of mighty good stories.

And we weren't disappointed by Thomas B. Morgan's mighty interesting account of his experiences as "A Reporter at the Papal Court" (Longmans, Green & Co.). We were particularly interested in his story of the time 100 midshipmen from Annapolis visited Pope Pius XI. Maybe it isn't new to you—but it was to us, so here goes.

The midshipmen, Mr. Morgan reports, were all lined up in Consistory Hall. After the Pope had made the rounds of the hall and had permitted each one to kiss his ring, he was assisted to the throne and delivered an address to the middies.

"When the address ended," he continues, "the midshipmen, wishing to show some mark of appreciation for the reception, decided to give the Navy yell. The cheerleader took his place and in that solemn atmosphere with its rich damasks, priceless frescoes and golden ceiling, cried out with real Annapolis gusto, 'Now, boys, let's make it snappy. We'll give nine N-A-V-Y'S and end up with three 'Holy Father's'!' "

"AWAY went the yell," Morgan adds, "with the capering cheerleader performing his acrobatics right at the steps of the throne. There was a crashing sound which reverberated throughout the whole of the Vatican palaces. It was a magnificent babel to the hundreds waiting for audiences in the other halls, some wondering what had broken loose. But Pius XI was all smiles and calmly turned to the cheerleader.

"Do it again. That is worth an encore," he commanded.

"This fired both cheerleader and midshipmen. If the first attempt had been babel, the second attempt was another touchdown for the Navy. *Sediari*, gendarmes, Swiss guards and prelates peeked in to see what had happened. Their curiosity was pleasantly baffled by seeing the Holy Father smiling broadly and waving a greeting to the men.

"The cheerleader mistook this for

[Concluded on page 4]

Radio Goes to Press!

Revealing Sidelights on Experiments With Facsimile Reproduction by Radio

By JOSEPH CREAMER

TWENTY-FOUR stories above light-spattered Times Square on the morning of Feb. 10, 1938, between the hours of 2:00 and 6:00 a. m., there occurred in the New York studios of Radio Station WOR a rather interesting experiment which alarmists were quick to call "a newspaper printed by radio."

What actually occurred was this. . . .

Into the hood of a facsimile transmitter, which resembles a small radio set, was inserted a copy of the WOR Radio Print, a previously written publicity man's interpretation of the experiment then taking place.

Loading the transmitter took about the same time and required as little skill as tucking a roll of film into a home movie projector or snapshot camera.

The facsimile transmitter was then thrown into operation. As the WOR Radio Print unrolled, a tiny spot of light swung back and forth across the face of the print from left to right. It followed the same movement as the human eye as it recorded black characters on a white background.

A light-sensitive photo-electric cell picked up the images reflected by the light, returning a full reflection when the light struck white, no reflection on dense black, and a partial reflection on gray and successive shades.

AS the photo-electric cell responded to the shades encountered by the shaft of light as it travelled across the Radio

Print, it changed them into electrical impulses which were picked up by a facsimile receiver located in the store of L. Bamberger & Co. at Newark, N. J.

At L. Bamberger & Co., the electrical impulses thrown off by the facsimile transmitter operated a stylus which swept across a carbonbacked paper in harmony with the progress made by the shaft of light in the facsimile transmitter across the river in New York. Each time the light encountered black the stylus was pressed down; the white impulses lifted it.

Travelling at an approximate speed of one inch per minute, it took about an hour to produce a copy of the WOR Radio Print.

It was the first time that radio broadcasting had left a visual record of what it had to say.

A newspaper? Hardly! A threat to printed journalism? Let us see. . . .

AS this is being written, the MacClatchy newspapers in California, operators of four broadcasting stations on the West Coast, have applied to the Federal Communications Commission for a permit to engage in the facsimile transmission of printed matter. While the following stations (some of them newspaper-owned) have been granted licenses to conduct Finch Facsimile transmission broadcasts within the hours of 2:00 and 6:00 a. m.: WOR, 50,000 watts, Newark, N. J.; WGH, 250 watts, Newport News, Va.; KSTP,



Joseph Creamer

Furnishes facts on facsimile.

25,000 watts, St. Paul, Minn.; WHO, 50,000 watts, Des Moines, Iowa; WSM, 50,000 watts, Nashville, Tenn.; WHK, 2500 watts, Cleveland, O.; WCLE, 500 watts, Cleveland, O.; and WGN, 50,000 watts, Chicago, Ill.

Under the FCC's present policy covering broadcast facsimile transmission, these licensed stations are required to install 50 facsimile receivers in homes within their primary service areas to determine what the public reaction to such a service will be.

As the first practical application of a laboratory experiment this is interesting. In the light of broadcast transmission of printed matter by radio it leaves much to be desired.

Being a revolutionary idea, however, it has offered optimists an opportunity to resort to some swell flights of fancy.

In a recent report, the National Resources Committee pointed to facsimile radio transmission as one of the 13 inventions capable of changing the economic, cultural and social life of the nation. President Roosevelt, in characteristic fashion, went even further by stating that facsimile would soon bring the newspaper into the average listener's home.

TURNING to the laboratory, we receive a more restrained interpretation of what facsimile radio transmission is, and what the future may bring.

J. R. Poppele, Chief Engineer for Radio Station WOR, and well-known for his work in the advance of experimental radio, and W. G. H. Finch, one of the nation's first facsimile experimenters and President of the Finch Telecommunications Laborato-

WHAT about this facsimile radio reproduction business about which so much has been said and written in recent weeks? Will it offer serious competition to the newspapers? How soon will it come into general use?

You will find answers to these and other questions pertaining to this new radio development in the accompanying article, written for The Quill by Joseph Creamer, promotion director for Station WOR in New York City.

Mr. Creamer's background includes reporting for a New York paper; three years on the staff of a New York advertising agency, service as promotion manager for a magazine publishing house and a shorter period with a magazine distributing concern. He is the author of numerous short stories, novelettes, sketches and articles—among them several articles for The Quill.

ries, Inc., hold an entirely different view.

Each believes that technical time and space limitations will necessarily make the news bulletins so brief that listeners will be forced to purchase their daily newspapers for more detailed reports of the news as it occurs.

Finch believes that facsimile broadcasts will even increase the present demand for newspapers and magazines.

To support this statement he cites the case of the music and movie industries when first faced with the threat of radio entertainment. The movie industry feared that radio would cut its box office receipts. Instead, it increased movie patronage; opened new sources of star-building publicity for the Hollywood studios and, in the music industry, increased the general knowledge and appeal of music which, in turn, opened new sources of revenue for the music industry as a whole.

WHAT occurred in the studios of Radio Station WOR on the morning of Feb. 10 was but the net result of 16 years of laboratory effort to tack sound down on paper and give radio communication a permanency which it has never had.

What effect facsimile transmission may have on the radio industry, radio listener and nation as a whole is, at present, a matter for conjecture.

It is possible that further experimentation may develop a nationwide hookup of facsimile news, picture and other visual transmission which will be enjoyed by radio listeners willing to invest \$35 or less for a facsimile receiver turned out by mass production methods and simply hooked up to the regular receiving set. Excluding the original outlay for the receiver, paper and electricity costs will amount to possibly 10 or 20 cents per week.

The radio stations and national networks may be able to sell space on their facsimile bands to cover the cost of operation. But anybody schooled in the fundamentals of advertising and space variations can well understand how far in the future such a possibility stands today.

The present facsimile transmitter and receiver are very simple mechanisms capable of transmitting and receiving on practically any circuit, whether shortwave, micro-wave, telegraph wires or normal broadcast frequencies. Distance of facsimile transmission, at the moment, depends entirely upon the amount of power employed.

Though the paper used in the present facsimile receiver is no wider than two columns, facsimile laboratories

are now developing receivers capable of recording on paper three newspaper columns wide, and in a tabloid width of five columns.

THE simplicity and portability of the machines may open vast possibilities in military communication. Planes, ships and ground corps will find its portability an ideal means of communicating visual messages of enemy maneuvers; the exchange of maps and military plans.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle confronting the present advancement of facsimile communication by radio transmission is the patent problem. Fifteen years ago W. G. H. Finch began building the patent formula on which his invention now advances. Patent priority claims stand today as

AT DEADLINE

the offer of a handshake and walked up to the dais and clasped the Pope by the hand. In return for this exuberant display, the Pontiff shook him joyously on the shoulder with his left hand. Not only had a handshake never been known by Pius XI, but that day was the most boisterous in modern Vatican history.

"It was the beginning of a tradition," Morgan adds, "all Annapolis midshipmen who ever visit the Pope unfailingly perpetrate the N-A-V-Y yell and the Pope always waits for it."

THERE has been no more colorful figure on the American scene than the Indian medicine man who went up and down the countryside with his outfit, his free "medicine show," and his spiel about the wonders of a noxious concoction, the secret of which he claimed to have obtained in some romantic or fanciful fashion from Chief Umphumph.

And who, do you suppose, was responsible for the introduction of this shady but picturesque character? None other than that gentleman of letters, that shining light of American literature, James Fenimore Cooper!

At least that's where the responsibility is placed in a most interesting article on "Patent-Medicine Advertising and the Early American Press," written by Cedric Larson, a member of the staff of the Library of Congress, and appearing recently in the *Journalism Quarterly*. Says Mr. Larson:

"NO sooner had James Fenimore Cooper romanticized the Indian in the American imagination in his novels than patent-medicine manufacturers,

the answer to how far independent interests and radio as a whole will advance with facsimile.

As far as the ordinary listener and newspaper reader is concerned, general purchase of facsimile home recorders will not begin until the present experimental stage has come to a close. How long this experimental period will exist is a vague guess.

Under present technical limitations and FCC regulations, facsimile broadcasts cannot be received in the home other than between the periods when a station has discontinued its regular sound broadcasts.

These are but a few answers to hundreds of conflicting questions which, at this stage of facsimile experimentation, draw nothing other than indeterminate answers.

[Concluded from page 2]

quick to sense and take advantage of this new enthusiasm, used the red man as symbol and token for a great variety of wares. From the gaudy labels of a hundred bottles, jars and pill-boxes lining the drug store shelf glared the coppery, feather-topped visage of the Indian.

"Take, by way of illustration, Dr. Freeman's Indian Specific, without which no American medicine cabinet of the 1830's or 1840's was complete. Dr. Freeman said in his advertisements that he had lived and roamed among the Indian tribes of North America for years studying their occult art of compounding herbs.

ADVERTISEMENTS for Indian remedies graced the pages of all newspapers, and the features of the red man were employed in cuts and trademarks in the advertising columns. Tradenames of patent medicines were often polysyllabic Indian derivatives, usually broken down into hyphenated monosyllables for the comfort of the purchaser. The Indian was a useful creature to the copywriter of medicinal advertisements, for his savage and untamed figure was a synonym for virility and health and a certain nobility of nature in the popular mind. Indian specifics, Indian vegetable pills and Indian tonics had their merits flaunted before newspaper readers from the Atlantic to the Mississippi."

Which all goes to show, we suppose, that those early advertising boys—even as those of today—seldom overlooked a bet. They knew a good thing when they saw it—even if it did mean mixing a little literature in with patent medicines.

Solace of the Sticks—

A Word or Two in Behalf of the Life Small-Town Newspapermen Can Have

By TYUS BUTLER

TO the great majority of journalism students in the colleges over the country, the Mecca towards which they yearn is the metropolitan field with the giant presses, offices littered with paper, scoops, thrilling murders and the like. They have read stories of the greatness and initiative of the metropolitan reporter and there is enough "Horatio Alger" in each one to try to attempt the great doings of that ten cent novel hero.

I know I had the same longings when a student at the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia. I could picture myself as courthouse reporter or police reporter on the *Atlanta Constitution*, *Memphis Commercial Appeal* or even the *New York Times*.

But here it is three years later. I have received that coveted sheepskin and the nearest I am to the *Atlanta Constitution* is 60 miles, the nearest I am to a metropolitan daily is six more issues a week and about a couple of hundred thousand more population. But, having tasted the life that a country newspaperman leads and the interests that can be built up in a small paper and town, I would not trade it for the metropolitan field.

Happiness can be found a lot quicker in the intermingling of a newspaperman with his fellow citizens every day, knowing their sorrows and their happiness, rejoicing with them in their good fortune, comforting them in the hour of need.

AN editor of a small paper, if he has any respectability at all about him, will command one of the leading positions in the eyes of the rest of the town and county, and thus, the certain amount of ego that every person has, will be gratified.

I recently heard a close friend that was in school with me say, "I am leaving the . . . (a metropolitan daily) next Saturday night and I am so glad that I don't know what to do. I looked forward all my life to working on a big city newspaper, but don't let anyone fool you. It is hell. I am going back to the weekly and small daily field where a person can be in newspaper work and enjoy living at the same time."

That is the way that countless budding journalists will feel if they get into the metropolitan field after tasting the good fruit of the weekly press.

Another reason why I suggest that students make their debut in the weekly field is that in this field you can learn journalism from the ground floor. You keep in contact with the news reporting, advertising, editorial writing, circulation, job work and the management of a newspaper. You are not stuck off in one little department and made to write heads, rewrite stories or look after want ads for the rest of your life. You are feeling the pulse of the whole newspaper on the weekly and this you cannot say of the metropolitan press.



Tyus Butler

Who once longed for the metropolis.

THE wife of the editor of the last paper that I worked on, was ill for a long time and I had to look after most of the business for that time. Thus I gained knowledge that could not be gathered in the class room, poring over books on the technic of newspaper management or listening to the lectures of a professor. I had the decisions to make myself. They were not of the utmost importance, but the decisions were up to me, and I profited by having the responsibility.

On a daily paper there is not much time for the different citizens to drop by and discuss the weather, politics, business or what such-and-such a citizen is doing. Half of life is in talking and discussing the other half's business, and the office of the weekly editor is the "king's palace" for such an event.

There are not many things that go on in a small town that the editor does not know of or have a finger in. He keeps in contact with all the different elements and if there is one power in this world that gives satisfaction that is knowledge. Knowledge of what is happening about you and being able to discuss with ease any current topic or affair. The weekly editor has the time to catch up on current reading that is denied the busy city newspaperman.

So, students in schools of Journalism, cast your lot first with the weekly or small daily field and get the ability to grasp the journalistic world and then you can enter that land of dreams, the metropolitan field, with its hurried, unsympathetic clamor, but for myself, I will take the small field with its friendliness, pleasures and the pride of accomplishment.

IT'S an endless but interesting debate—this question of whether a young journalism school graduate is better off in the weekly or the metropolitan field—providing, of course, that he can land a job in either. It's a question for each graduate to decide for himself—but perhaps the experiences and observations of those who have preceded him into the active field may help him choose.

Following his graduation from the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia in June, 1935, Tyus Butler joined the staff of the *Griffin (Ga.) Daily News*. After less than a year there, he became local editor and advertising manager of the *Calhoun (Ga.) Times*. He has been with the *Cedar-town (Ga.) Standard* for the last year and a half.



Jim Porter

NAMES not only make news—they also make columns. And that goes for the small-town weekly, the daily in a good-sized city or a metropolitan sheet.

In the seven months I have been columnning since the boss gave me that order I have used approximately 3,600 names in the daily column, excepting Saturday, I conduct on the *Kansas City Kansan*, only newspaper in the largest city in Kansas.

Since the *Kansan* has two columns covering the many sections of Kansas City, Kan., and about 40 local names are used in the two each day, each year the columns will be weighted down with 14,480 names. Thus, in our city of 120,000 population, a person has a mathematical chance of seeing his name in print in one of the two columns once every eight years. Too often, though, names are duplicated.

Still, if you can but get 5,000 different names in the columns each year, that will be 4,999 persons that you have made friends of the paper. The other one apparently didn't like the story you told about him, but inwardly he was glad to see his name in print.

AFTER getting my first order to get as many different names as I could, the second order came that I could write anything I wanted to—and the copy desk would jerk anything it wanted to.

Within a week I had the readers of the people aware that a new columnist was on the paper. I resorted to a trick that I learned at the University of Kansas on the *Sour Owl*, humor publication—that to name a list of the "best" along some line and you will

Names Make Columns— Folks Like to Read About Themselves And Friends, in Hamlet or Metropolis

By JAMES F. PORTER

have comment. Thus, after research with the owners of men and women clothing stores around town, I named the 15 best dressed men and 15 best dressed women in town.

As I expected, the list caused comment—unfavorable for a large part as might be expected—but it started people to reading the column. The next day a ladies' club called the office and wanted the list read over the phone so that the members could discuss the selections fully.

Soon after that, I named various kinds of moustaches and the best representative of each kind. At the next weekly meeting of the Kiwanis club, they devoted their entire meeting to a satire on moustaches, a lecturer pointing out the fine points in each type as men with glued soup strainers of the handle bar, Irish hatch latch, villain, tea strainer, Southern colonel, and various other varieties paraded by.

GOING on the theory that there is a story worth printing in everybody I meet if I can talk with him long enough, I seldom go away from a person I have interviewed without some columnent I can make about him. Humor yarns rank first, I believe, in any "about town" department, but if I fail to get this type of story, I try for some paragraph that will be unusual, touching, or merely informative.

Stores, of course, are always glad to co-operate with you but with every free ad I give to a business man, I demand a good story. And it's surprising how good a yarn a man in business will give you just so that his firm may be mentioned in print.

I attempt to vary the routine of my column every week or so by running a column devoted to one special subject.

For instance, noting that there was but one Friday the thirteenth last year, I spent several weeks before the date collecting superstitions of local citizens. And though it was difficult to get some of them to admit their superstitions, few could be found that were not in some way afraid of certain things.

HERE are some of the items that made up that column on superstitions—maybe they'll give some one else a hunch for a column or a feature yarn:

If a black cat crosses your path you are supposed to have bad luck. But several persons have suffered because they refused to let the cat cross their path. Chilton McLaughlin, Jr., county surveyor, once backed his car into a ditch in order to keep a black feline from crossing in front of him and had to get a tow car to pull him out. . . . Dr. S. E. Patterson, dentist at Tenth and Central, once saw a Negro youth running with head bent to

BECAUSE of the continually growing interest in columns of every sort—whether in small-town weeklies or metropolitan dailies—The Quill has been running articles pertaining to columns and their conducting from time to time.

A recent article on small-town columnning led James F. Porter to write this article showing how the small-town idea of using lots of names can also be used in a bustling city of 120,000.

Graduated from the University of Kansas last June—where he had been editor of the *Sour Owl*, humor magazine, news editor of the *University Daily Kansan*, and a staff writer on the *Jayhawker*, magazine-annual, also a member of the Kansas chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, journalism fraternity—Porter joined the staff of the *Kansas City Kansan* immediately. In fact he had been associated with the paper during the four years he was in college.

keep the black cat from marking him with evil. He was stopped in his running by an iron pole and suffered such a head injury that an ambulance had to be called.

—13—

Jesse G. Boomer, cashier of the Guaranty State Bank, Tenth and Minnesota, used to have a maid that was superstitious of owls hooting. But she had a remedy for it. Every time that an owl would hoot, Boomer would find all of the shoes in the house turned over to rid the house of haunts.

—13—

Olaf Soward, KCKN news announcer, says "Gesundheit" every time he sneezes. This is a superstition based on an old German belief that if you said a blessing each time you sneezed, it would prevent the vital spirit from escaping your body. The word means "good health to you."

—13—

Bill Rogers, barber at 709 Central Avenue, has but one superstition. He believes that a death will result in an umbrella opened in a building. About fifteen years ago a man opened an umbrella in his barber shop and within a month one of the five men in the shop at that time had died.

—13—

To Pat Cannon, switch foreman at the Union Pacific railroad yards and who lives at 1400 North Twenty-seventh Street, goes the honor of being the most superstitious man in Kansas City, Kansas. Cannon believes in every superstition existing—in fact, in some not existing. Cannon probably will spend today in bed so no harm can befall him.

—13—

Phil Fisher, fireman at No. 9 station, gives Cannon a close race for "most superstitious man," however. Fisher has many remedies for the usual bad luck omens, though, which Cannon does not. For instance, Fisher does not particularly care if a black cat crosses his path for he can spit three times before the cat crosses and no harm will befall him.

—13—

Anytime a sparrow flies into the No. 5 Negro fire station there is a frantic rush to eject the bird and an uneasy feeling for a month following. The reason for this strange superstition lies in the fact that once a sparrow flew into the building and the next day one of the fireman was killed on duty.

—13—

"Me superstitious? I should say not," answered Frank Wilson, president of the Fidelity State Bank, a few days ago. Yet a list of guests invited to a "dutch" lunch given by the Midwest Cold Storage and Ice Company totaled 13 at Wilson's first count and he lost no time in inviting others to attend the party so the jinx would not take place.

—13—

Allen Sever, assistant cashier of the Guaranty State Bank, tells of a

strange belief encountered while visiting in southeastern Missouri. One of the families living there will not touch a foot to the bare floor on arising on Easter morning without having on a new pair of stockings. To do so would be fatal.

—13—

George Long, funeral director, almost fainted in a barber shop recently when the porter started to shine his left shoe first. He took great pains to explain that bad luck would result from such action. As a matter of fact, Long always puts his right stocking, his right shoe, his right shirtsleeve, and his right coatsleeve on first.

—13—

So you think it's impolite not to cover your mouth when you yawn? You're wrong. Covering the mouth when yawning is a superstition of ancient age that started to keep your soul from jumping out and the devil from jumping in when you had your mouth open.

ANOTHER time I made a list of some of the peculiarities in eating that localities possessed, such as putting horseradish on chocolate pie, onions on apple pie, and other appetizing combinations.

Most people are unaware they have news for you when you come to ask them for column material. But talk to anyone of these people for 30 minutes and the chances are nine to ten that you'll have enough to fill your space with stories that others will be interested in.

Anyone that has a friend has a story for you. But it's up to you, as the columnist, to ask the right kind of questions to get that story.

For instance, if you're talking to a cleaner, ask him the largest sum of money he's ever found in clothing. You'll be surprised at the large sums men carelessly leave in their trousers. If you're interviewing a theater projectionist, ask him when and what the last picture was that he saw straight through. I found one that had been showing other people pictures for 31 years, but he, himself, had not seen a complete picture since 1914.

Barbers usually have a story with a laugh concerning toupees; lawyers can tell you about freak laws; bankers will give you yarns on "wooden nickels"; and grocers about funny customers. Each working man has strange incidents and traditions peculiar to his work worth at least a line in any local paper.

Yes, a "local" column has a very definite niche on a large-town daily. And, look what names have done for Winchell!

News & Views

By JIM PORTER

Hungry? If you are you might want to try some of the delicacies and food combinations that have satisfied the appetites of the following men:

Raymond Stonestreet, truck driver, thinks nothing is as good for breakfast as yesterday's warmed up gravy on waffles.

Owen Ira, watch repairer for Schneider's jewelry, always eats a cold sliced boiled potato sandwich when he feels that hungry yearning coming on.

William Carson, lawyer, thinks mustard on cottage cheese gives it that added zest.

While several men around town including George Mears, florist, and George McCarten, grocer, think preserves on cottage cheese very tasty.

Among the gravy on pie lovers are Clifford Nichols, Sam Stroud and Lou Dougherty.

But only one man was found that relished horseradish spread thickly on chocolate pie. He is an uncle of Floyd Gross, 1966 North Fifth street, who lives in Russell, Kan.

Francis "Hook" Willett, 1417 North Twenty-fifth street, once made a mistake while eating in a restaurant and put sugar in his bean soup and catsup in his ice tea, and drank the tea and ate the soup. And relished it.

But when Ted Smith, manager of Cook's Paint and Varnish store, found a cockroach by mistake in a chocolate pie he immediately quit eating. (A sissy, huh.)

Joe "Hitless Eggie" Egnatic, ball player, likes nothing for breakfast so much as pancakes dipped in sour cream.

While Lawyer James Cubbinson has to have a gravy made with coffee and ham fat for his morning buckwheats.

Even better than chicken to Ruel Caruthers, Negro, is "possum and sweet pertaters."

Champion Kansas City Kansas eater, according to Russell Stephens, lawyer, is Charles Lowder, real estate dealer. On a trip to Minnesota Lowder defeated the Minnesota eating champion by a half-skillet of fried potatoes.

Some people think it strange that Marjorie Stevens, waitress in the B. & B. restaurant at 5 North Tenth streets, eats summer breakfasts consisting of a chocolate and chocolate candy sees nothing at

Max Fox and Fruit avenue, do dine as occasion

Here is a typical Porter column, in part, showing how names are woven into its daily structure.



Drawn especially for THE QUILL by Russ Westover

They say there's a man in the moon—Mac doesn't think so!

WHEN you see him walking down the street, wearing a light Homburg hat and swinging a cane, you swear that he is a banker or some big corporation executive!

That's the impression Russ Westover makes on you when he's on his way to the Grand Central to catch his train to New Rochelle. However, if you peek in the door of his office and see him bent over his drawing board, his shirt sleeves rolled up, pen in one hand and battered cigar in the other, you recognize him as a hard-working cartoonist.

RUSS, you know, created the popular "Tillie the Toiler" comic strip on Jan. 3, 1921. For more than 17 years now, faithful Mac has been trying to get the vivacious Tillie to marry him. For more than 17 years she has held off taking the leap because of some reason or other. Mac's persistence, however, should be a lesson to other young men in the same fix.

Close friends of Russ Westover cannot understand why he doesn't let Mac marry the girl of his dreams since Russ is a firm believer in marriage and all that goes with it. The reason: reader interest is constantly maintained by the hope that some day soon Tillie will say "yes." Russ contends that should Tillie marry Mac, readers might say, "Well, now that that's over with, let's follow another strip."

So, from all present appearances, Russ predicts that Mac will continue to be like the commuter who always runs after his train but never catches it. The train in this case being Tillie.

Russ has been cartooning for more than 25 years. He says that part of that time he wasn't really in earnest about it.

"Not in earnest about it?" I asked. "Well, what made you take it up earnestly?"

"You should have asked 'Who made

Tillie the Toiler's

The Story of Russ Westover and His Strip

you take it up earnestly?" It was very simple—I got married," and Westover looked quite pleased.

GENIAL Russ was born in Los Angeles when Hollywood was just a suburb. He came from a family of merchants. His father owned a haberdashery and put young Russ to work as a cash boy. He used to wrap packages and would draw pictures on them. While the customers liked it, his father did not. So there was a family conference which ended in a satisfactory agreement—Russ went into the railroad business.

Here Mr. Westover gazed into space for a moment.

"I was certainly getting on splendidly, and you'd really be surprised how much easier it was to cartoon on the backs of railroad pay envelopes than on wrapping paper. But my boss had somehow neglected to develop an aesthetic regard for the superior merits of pay vouchers as art panels. He even went so far as to point out (and not without emphasis) that drawing pay for drawing cartoons on pay envelopes was not *comme il faut*—in the railroad business."

Russ then attended the Hopkins Art



Mr. Simpkins

Tillie's Boss in the Strip

THE QUILL for March, 1938

Taskmaster—

Related
by
Martin
Sheridan

Institute of California for four months. One day his instructor roared:

"Young man, the drawing of Caesar is good, but that caricature you made of me on the border is terrible!"

"That finished my stay in art school," Westover said.

His mother always continued to encourage him to take up illustrating of a more serious nature. She had studied painting in oils and water colors.

WESTOVER'S first newspaper job was on the *San Francisco Bulletin*. That was about one year after the beloved Tad had left that paper to go East. Next followed employment on the *San Francisco Chronicle* and on the *Post*, where Russ remained for five years.

He drew a baseball strip called Daffy Dan in addition to political cartoons and caricatures of stage folk. In 1913 the *Post* folded up and was taken over by the *San Francisco Call*. The winter of 1914 found Westover in New York City with a letter to Charley Harvey.

The first thing the latter did was to take him on a ride atop a Fifth Avenue open bus. Russ was half-frozen but the warm reception of the newspapermen thawed him out. Julian Harris, then Sunday editor of the *New York Herald*, gave Westover a job drawing a six-color Sunday page. After five years the paper was taken over by the *New York Tribune*. That gave him a forced opportunity to freelance to *Life* and *Judge*. Westover added that he had a sketch in the dying issue of *Puck*.

THE flapper was coming into her own about 1920. Russ had always wanted to draw a strip featuring a pretty girl of the modern type and utilizing a touch of philosophical fun. His wish culminated with his creation of the strip "Rose of the Office," which concerned a stenographer in an office. King Features Syndicate liked the idea and handed Russ a contract. A few

months later the title of the strip was changed to "Tillie the Toiler" which it has since carried.

Today this daily and Sunday feature has its locale in a fashion salon operated by Mr. Simpkins. Tillie is a model and her shadow, Mac, holds down the job of buyer. Wally Whipple, whose foot frequently trips up Mac, also works there. Other characters include Tillie's mother and her father (who was recently found after a long absence) and many good-looking beaus who irk Mac no end.

Westover keeps Tillie dressed up to the minute with styles that he notes on the street and others that he creates. That stylish angle has resulted in a large fan mail from girls and women interested in designing clothes. So many requests arrived for patterns of Tillie's dresses that a pattern service was inaugurated several years ago.

WESTOVER is a true radio fan and maintains six radios in his home plus one in his car. He awakens the household at 7:00 o'clock with the morning exercises. Instead of telling time by

hours, Russ calls out "It's Amos 'n Andy time" or "It's Horace Heidt time." While working in his studio he has the radio going full blast. As soon as one program is concluded he turns to another favorite. In this way he follows closely about 20 different continuities. Through short wave, Russ picks up the latest fashion news from Paris, London and Vienna. In addition to being a radio fan, he has broadcast many times.

Tillie's creator plays the piano for his own amusement—not for the amusement of others. He also plays golf but says that he spends most of his time hunting in the rough for the ball. Travel is another Westover hobby but the confining qualities of his work do not allow him to get away for any great distance or for any great length of time. After making his first airplane flight, he related:

"We were immediately initiated when we ran into a short thunder and lightning storm. When we flew out of it in a few minutes, I found myself imagining that the motor was

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Russ Westover starts on a plane jaunt—and Tillie and Mac go along!



John E. Drewry
Student of American Magazines

ALTHOUGH H. L. Mencken is no longer editor of the *American Mercury*, and the magazine has been sold by its original publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., the periodical was during its early years so definitely identified with Mr. Mencken that it continues to reflect his molding hand and can, to a large extent, best be described in terms of his aims and philosophy.

"There is hardly a fundamental difference between the *Mercury's* present policy and that maintained during the editorship of H. L. Mencken," according to Gordon Carroll, managing editor.

"The public interests of the 'twenties, of course, have given way to the public interests of the 'thirties; and in this sense, the *Mercury* today devotes more space to current political and economic questions than it did under the Mencken regime. As to its own political beliefs, the *Mercury* opposes all types of repressive government whether called Communism, Fascism, or anything else; and finds the old-fashioned American type of democracy—with all its faults, corruptions, and injustices—about as good a system as can be arranged in a far from perfect world. . . .

"UNDER the editorship of Henry Hazlitt, the *Mercury* tended toward the literary-review type of publication. Under . . . Charles Angoff, the magazine went Left-wing. The paragraph above will indicate its status under . . . Paul Palmer. . . .

"The general tone of the *Mercury* was established by Messrs. Mencken and Nathan . . . and became a hallmark of the magazine. This literary

Mencken and the Magazine Still Reflects the Molding Hand and Policies of Its Initial Editor

By JOHN E. DREWRY

style of pungent, forceful presentation of facts continues to the present time."

The *Mercury*, from its founding in January, 1924, to the date of Mr. Mencken's resignation in 1933, and since then to the extent described by Mr. Carroll, has been but an extension and amplification of the personality of its first editor. As such, it can be described succinctly in the words which A. G. Gardiner, eminent British editor, used to characterize Dean Inge:

"His insults have a flavor that makes you lap them up with gusto, and before you have time to be angry with him for his savage assaults on your pet enthusiasms, you have forgiven him for some smashing blow that he has struck at your pet aversion."

THOSE who have read Mr. Mencken's "Prejudices" are, of course, familiar with the man's point of view and style. "All of my work, barring a few obvious burlesques," he once wrote for the *Bookman*, "is based upon three

fundamental ideas. First—that knowledge is better than ignorance. Second—that it is better to tell the truth than to lie. Third—that it is better to be free than to be a slave."

"All of these ideas," he continues, "are taught in the American school-books, but every effort to give them practical reality is excessively offensive to so-called good Americans. I am thus somewhat unpopular in my native land, and the hope of becoming president is one that I may not cherish. But my aspirations in that direction are very faint, so I do not repine."

"All I ask of 'good' Americans is that they continue to serve me hereafter, as in the past, as willing laboratory animals. In that role they have great talents. No other country houses so many gorgeous frauds and imbeciles as the United States, and in consequence no other country is so amusing."

"Thus my patriotism is well-

ARTICLES relating the history, aims and objectives, policies and program, editorial personnel and requirements of contemporary American magazines have been appearing in *The Quill* at frequent intervals for the last several years. Additional articles will appear in future issues.

This article on the *American Mercury*, together with numerous other articles in the series, is the work of John E. Drewry, director of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia. Prof. Drewry began assembling material on contemporary American magazines some 15 years ago to be used in a course on such publications in the Grady school. While the collected material has not appeared in book form, various articles have been prepared from it by Prof. Drewry for *The Quill* and other writers' magazines.

Prof. Drewry, director of the Grady School since 1932, has been a member of the journalism faculty at the University of Georgia for 16 years. He was graduated from Georgia in 1921 with an A.B. degree. He received a bachelor of journalism degree in 1922 and, after two summers of study at Columbia, received his master's degree from Georgia in 1925. He has been reporter and news editor of the Athens (Ga.) *Banner-Herald*, state news editor for the Southern Division of the Associated Press, correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* and other papers, and is the author of numerous articles on journalistic subjects.

Mercury

grounded and impeccable though perhaps not orthodox. I love my country as a small boy loves a circus."

Mr. Mencken stated his purpose in editing the *Mercury* thus:

"My aim is to combat by ridicule and invective American piety, stupidity, and tin-pot morality; progressives, professional moralists, patriots, Methodists, osteopaths, Christian Scientists, Socialists, single-taxers—in brief, the whole doctrine of democracy."

THE original publishers, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., added this with reference to the aim and scope of the magazine:

"The *American Mercury* is anything but pedantic, but it makes no effort to be popular in the usual sense. It assumes that its readers are all educated men and women, and that their interests are those of their class—that they are primarily interested, not in the superficial news of the day, but in the larger currents of opinion and prejudice that flow under the surface. It is open to all shades of opinion save the sentimental and the doctrinaire. In brief, it will endeavor to stick to realities—and it will try to present them with as much good humor as possible. . . .

"The *American Mercury* will try to cover all the interests of the civilized minority of Americans. It will present the best material that is available in belles-lettres, but it will also deal with politics, government, the sciences, and the lesser arts of life. In all departments an effort will be made to avoid the bow-wow pronouncements of established 'authorities.' Instead there will be a free field for newcomers who have something novel and apposite to say, and who know how to say it in an amusing and convincing manner.

"The magazine will not advocate any new cure for all the sorrows of the world. It will avoid on the one hand the recurrent crazes and superstitions of the so-called Liberals and on the other hand the full intransigence of the orthodox Tories. In the middle ground it will seek the truth, and when the truth proves to be illusive it will at least try to find some entertainment."

ASSOCIATED with Mr. Mencken in editing the *Mercury* during its first six years was George Jean Nathan, who had been affiliated with Mencken on the *Smart Set* before they went to the *Mercury*.

THE QUILL for March, 1938



Paul Palmer

Present Editor of the *American Mercury*

These two men, as the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph* observed when they parted company in 1930, "possessed almost identical opinions on the arts, letters, politics, and the American scene at large. Their opinions were, in those days, novel, revolutionary, and disillusioning. Their effect was cataclysmic in some circles. They attracted large audiences; won many followers; and aroused the ire of secure conformists who were surprisingly shocked at the naughty and cutting words of these young rebels. They possessed enormous energy; impressive vocabularies; the ability to seem much more learned than it was possible for them to have been; and the capacity successfully to convey the idea that what little they did not know wasn't worth knowing anyway.

"Their wit was keen, their weapons

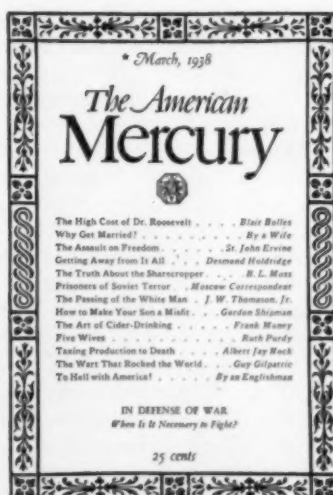
sharp with subtle and genuine irony and sarcasm. They were young and courageous. Their contemporaries had been lulled into a desuetude which had outlasted itself. The revolt from tradition, decency, and genteelness in American literature was due; it was the fate of these two young men to lead it."

SUCH a publication, riding the crest of post-war cynicism, inevitably was influential in numerous directions. Critics are agreed, for example, that the fearless vigor of the *Mercury* was at least indirectly responsible for important changes which were made in several of the literary magazines soon after its appearance. It will be recalled that *Harper's* appeared in a new format and with a new emphasis on provocative articles in September, 1925—not so long after the initial appearance of the *Mercury* in January, 1924. The *Forum*, *Scribner's*, *North American Review*, and other periodicals all became much livelier at about this time. One magazine, *Plain Talk*, appearing in this era, gave many indications of being simply an imitation of the *Mercury*.

Another illustration of the influence of the *Mercury* was to be found on college campuses where the so-called literary publications often imitated the style and features of the *Mercury* and Mencken.

IN 1934, after Mr. Mencken had resigned from the editorship of the magazine, Mr. Knopf announced that the

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J. L. Morrill

"IS There a Legitimate Place for Instruction in Journalism—and What Is It?"

That is a fair question; any fundamental question in education is worth asking, because new times and new generations need new answers. I remember the statement of Dr. William Oxley Thompson, President of Ohio State University for 27 years, who said that any time you get an educational question settled and all buttoned up, it probably wasn't worth taking up in the first place.

In other words, real educational questions are always open questions. They're never really answered.

BUT at the same time, practically speaking, the question of whether there is a legitimate place for journalism instruction in our universities strikes me as being a bit hypothetical—sort of a moot question.

Newspapermen themselves who were at first the most scornful and skeptical about it have become pretty well convinced of its worth, it seems to me. More than that, if we were to abolish our School of Journalism at Ohio State, the newspaper people of this state would be the first to demand its re-establishment, I am positive—even to the extent of going to the state legislature to get it done if the University proved recalcitrant.

Prof. Vernon Nash's article in the *Journalism Quarterly* last summer traced clearly the changing trend of opinion among newspaper people toward the schools. He cited the successful performance of journalism alumni at work on newspapers nearly everywhere nowadays as a clinching argument with the editors and pub-

Yes!

Says J. L. MORRILL

Vice-President, the Ohio State University

lishers; and he showed that more and more the newspaper people "are rapidly getting ready to undertake concrete ways of sharing responsibility" with the teachers in strengthening and developing the schools.

Stanley Walker, in his special chapter of "City Editor" on the subject, was not very optimistic about special college training for journalism, you recall; but he did give a kind of grudging concession to its possible worth. The notion still lingers that the really great editor or reporter is born, and not made—and there is no quarrel with that. But no one will use as an argument against education the fact that Abraham Lincoln had little or no formal schooling.

Deems Taylor, in his little book "Of Men and Music" tells how Rimsky-Korsakoff, utterly unschooled in the principles of harmony and counterpoint, yet succeeded in composing works of great beauty and lasting significance. But elsewhere in the volume he relates that Beethoven, as a lad of 18, was well grounded in the technics of musical structure as a student of piano under the meticulous Mozart.

HERE is another powerful, practical reason for the place which journalism will hold in university work; the students want it.

It gives them a point of reference for the other things they study. It is a priceless instrument of educational motivation. The traditional liberal arts argument for a broad base of fundamental general education, without respect to vocational interest, is an adult argument. It's the way grown-ups see it, looking back. It has little appeal for the eager youngster anxious to get at the work of his choice, and almost no validity in the psychology of learning.

This is not to say that all education should be vocational—or "ad hoc" in the famous Flexnerian phrase. But anyone at all familiar with the researches of the learning process will be justified in stressing the "ex hoc"

principle in education: the principle of stimulating and gratifying the life-career motive as the base for learning and as the starting point for meaningful enrichment from allied areas of knowledge. The "felt need" is still the soundest reason for study, and "knowledge for use" has a biological appeal that no educator with common sense will disregard.

SO, the real attack on the legitimacy of journalism instruction is not coming from the working newspapermen these days, or from the students. It still comes in fitful gusts from the inner, ancient sanctum of the university itself.

The latest to issue a lusty blast is the challenging young president of the University of Chicago—no mean journalist, himself, by the way. This most iconoclastic among the huffers-and-puffers against the house of higher education today declares flatly that "all there is to journalism can be learned through a good education and newspaper work."

He deplores the rise of upstart, pseudo-professional schools, among them the schools of journalism, whose

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AGAIN the journalism schools are the center of a storm by the charge voiced by Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Inland Daily Press Association, that "the shadiest expedients are the schools of journalism."

President Hutchins' remarks form part of an interview presented by *The Quill* this month. The schools are defended by Ohio State University, an able and qualified champion immediately following his graduation from Ohio State's Cleveland Press. His next assignment was as legislative secretary of the Scripps-McRae League of newspapers. By 1919 he was managing editor of the Press.

Returning to the campus in 1919 as alumni secretary and dean of the College of Education and, in 1932, vice president, particularly appropriate in the current controversy, he is the American Association of Teachers of Journalism.

President Hutchins, widely known for his article "The University of Chicago since 1900" in *The Quill*, has been president of the University of Chicago since 1929 and college heads in the country.

Legitimate Place for Vocational Instruction?

Says ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

President, University of Chicago

No!

WHAT education cannot do is to prepare men and women for specific jobs. All it can hope to do is to train their minds so that they can adjust themselves to any job.

So the shadiest educational ventures under respectable auspices are the schools of journalism. They exist in defiance of the obvious fact that the best preparation for journalism is a good education. Journalism itself can be learned, if at all, only by being a journalist.

The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake is being rapidly obscured in colleges and universities and may soon be extinguished. Every group in the community that is well enough organized to have an audible voice wants the university to spare it the necessity of training its own recruits. They want to get from the university a product as nearly finished as possible, which can make as large and as inexpensive a contribution as possible from the moment of graduation.

This is a pardonable, perhaps even a laudable, desire. But the effect of it on the universities will be that soon everybody in a university will be there

for the purpose of being trained for something.

JUST now there is a great deal of loose talk going around in educational circles about the public service. This is always the case. When the public gets excited we get excited, too. For one thing we are not sure enough about what we are doing to be certain that the public is wrong. For another we know that our support comes from the public; perhaps we had better gratify its wishes even if we have strong suspicions that we are departing, for publicity purposes, from the kind of work that we can do and taking up a kind that no college can do.

I hold that it is impossible for a college to prepare men directly and specifically for public life. This is partly the result of the nature of public life and partly the result of the nature of a college. Public life is concerned with action adapted to immediate concrete situations. It is impossible to learn how to deal with immediate concrete situations except by dealing with them. It is impossible to import these situations into a college curriculum.

The medical schools have had a bad effect on educational theory. Whenever anybody wants to train somebody for something in college, he says he wants to do for that field what the medical schools have done for medicine. In the medical schools one learns by doing precisely the things one does in practice. The patients are sick. The professors and their students are trying to cure them. To accomplish the same thing in public administration we should have to have the professors actually engaged in the public service and the students learning as their assistants.

I am, for my sins, an educational administrator. I asked myself what I would do if I were called on to give a course that would make my pupils good college administrators. I might tell them anecdotes of my harrowing experiences. This might while away a week or so. I might give them my



Robert M. Hutchins

impressions of professors and trustees. This might amuse them a little longer. I might recite the glorious past and amazing present of American education, something they could read in any standard text over the week-end. But if I wanted to teach them anything that had intellectual content and required intellectual effort (and these surely are the tests of a curriculum) I would have to teach them something that was not educational administration and which consequently I was not qualified to teach.

The fact is that educational administration is not a subject-matter. And neither is public administration. There is, therefore, nothing that can be taught that can be called public administration as such.

IT is not an answer to say that courses in public administration would be no worse than courses we teach today. Largely under the influence of people who want us to be "practical" and "progressive" we have finally got a course of study which, as the President of Hiram has lately said, can only be described as 120 hours plus physical education.

All the 120 are of equal importance or triviality. Why shouldn't some of them give way to that interesting subject, training for public life? Well, why shouldn't they? Helpful Hints to Housewives, for example, or How to Get Married and Like It, or those fast-growing subjects, Charm and Personality, are perhaps less qualified for inclusion among the liberal arts than instruction in the Powers and Duties of the Superintendent of the Dead Letter Office.

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center of a spirited journalistic debate—set off this time by Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, before the shadiest educational ventures under respectable aus-

ponsorship of an interesting forum on journalism schools presented by J. L. Morrill, vice-president of the National Association of Public Relations. Mr. Morrill entered newspaper work in 1913, as a member of the staff of the *Columbus Dispatch*, as legislative correspondent in Columbus for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. In 1919 he was back in Cleveland as city editor and act-

ing editor. Mr. Morrill subsequently became junior in 1932, vice-president of the university. His remarks, which were made originally at the convention of the National Association of Public Relations.

His articles and addresses on educational subjects, published in *The Quill* since 1929. As such, he is one of the youngest

Yes!

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instruction, he infers, is conducted largely by the "cook-book method."

This view, and especially its phraseology, reminded me right away of Dr. Abraham Flexner's contemptuous critique of American universities published seven years ago.

You will remember: "On a par with university faculties of cookery and clothing, I place university schools of journalism," he said, adding that the "professional" training of the school of journalism (with scornful quotation marks around the word "professional") "simply cuts short the possibility of genuine culture at its most important moment."

"Culture" is the keyword in that sentence, the old war cry of the academic battleground. It evokes at once a nostalgic longing for the medieval universities of Abelard and his golden glory; for Salerno and Bologna; for the Petit Pons, that little scholarly bridge which led to the later true University of Paris, and which, wrote Guy de Bazoches in the twelfth century, "belongs to the dialecticians who walk there deep in argument"—a dusty and delightful phrase. "Culture"—there is the flavor in the word of the old classical curriculum of the New England college in the eighties. One hears in it the soft silken rustle of the robes of academic respectability.

Beware that siren sound! The journalism teacher's job is still a job, and a hard one in this perplexing modern world. But a job is rarely respectable, academically.

"IN the unfortunate conflict between the camp which is tagged 'vocational' and the camp which is tagged 'cultural,' it has often seemed to me that important life truth is forgotten, the truth that nothing can be done efficiently or well without the influence of a highly developed imagination."

Lawrence F. Abbott, of the old *Outlook*, made that statement more than 20 years ago, and no one understands any more clearly than the journalism teacher, it seems to me, that a journalist must be more than merely a journalist to be a good journalist.

"Of all branches of education," Henry Adams said, "the science of gauging people and events by their relative importance defies study most insolently."

That is the challenge that confronts the journalism teacher every minute of the working day. That is the realistic difficulty of his job—and the fact that he knows it and must try to surmount it in every course he gives,

from "elementary reporting" to "contemporary affairs," is much more important than any archaic or current idea of the academic respectability of what he is trying to do.

In the effort somehow to develop that science "of gauging people and events by their relative importance," the journalism faculties have been turning more and more to the social sciences. Prof. Grant Hyde, in his presidential address before journalism teachers a year ago, said the beginnings of this shift in curricular emphasis began as far back as 20 years ago.

LET me just say parenthetically that although the social sciences are quite respectable, academically, today, they were still something short of being so even as recently as 20 years ago.

Then the notion was still strong that the classics were the Rock of Ages in a liberal education for undergraduates. The Phi Beta Kappa speakers were regularly quoting Lowell's definition of a university as a place where nothing useful should be taught—and as late as 1917 there was held at Princeton a great Conference on Classical Studies to which were summoned from the ranks of lay leaders in American life a good many intellectuals who had been trained in the old classical college curriculum.

Edward P. Mitchell of the *Sun* was invited, and Charles R. Miller of the *Times*. With quavering solemnity all these worthies uttered in chorus the dictum that all they were or hoped to be they owed, in effect, to the study of Latin grammar and Greek verbs.

It was the sublime gesture to the academic respectability of a day drawing to a close. Almost at the same moment, John Dewey, vigorous prophet of a new dispensation in American education, was writing in the *New Republic* that "to set up as the protector of a shrinking classicism requires only the accident of a learned education, the possession of leisure, a reasonably apt memory for some phrases, and a facile pen for others."

Please don't misunderstand. I, too, have thrilled to "the surge and thunder of the Odyssey"—and I am not scoffing at the classics. Nothing ever studied in all my life gave me the sheer delight that came from my Latin and Greek. It is the "superiority complex" of the classicists that makes me smile.

NOW there may be still on some campus an occasional journalism teacher trouble with alingering infe-

riority complex which he hopes can be cured by surrendering most of the curriculum to his more respectable social science colleagues. That hope will be vain. He will gain no status with Messrs. Flexner and Hutchins and the other Rip van Winkles of the trivium and quadrivium.

"The newspaper," Flexner conceded in his book, "is a social phenomenon of tremendous importance, the critical study of which is well worthy of a university department of social science."

But not by journalistic scholars themselves, you will observe. No make-believe under the label of professional journalistic training can compensate, Flexner said, for "the loss of a substantial education in history, politics, literature, science and philosophy." So the journalism teacher is still outside the pale. To put most of his eggs in the social science basket won't cure the complex.

And it won't do the journalism teacher's job. Instruction for journalism, I am convinced, must work out its own destiny and make its own unique professional place in the universities.

Prof. Hyde, in his admirable survey of the changing conception of journalism instruction, explained that from the teaching standpoint the shortcomings of social science per se as an instrument of preparation for journalism became apparent very early.

"We began to see," he said, "that the social sciences were not accomplishing what we had hoped," and . . . "then began to realize that our job was to show the students how to correlate these social sciences with each other and with the problems of journalism." Hence, he relates, came the courses in "public opinion," "the influence of the press"—the effort to integrate specialized knowledge into some useful perspective for the student.

The social sciences are not broad enough or deep enough, in any case, to solve the problems. The picture they give of human behavior and events which the journalist must report with insight and interpret with understanding is incomplete.

Journalism teachers will be turning, with increasing insistence I predict, to another frontier of knowledge and discovery for new aid and new emphasis. I am thinking of the sciences that go to the roots of human experience and behavior—the biologies, anthropology, psychology—the studies of bionomics and human ecology that deal with man as he is, not as we like to imagine him to be; as an organism well up in the evolutionary scale but still an organ-

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THE QUILL for March, 1938

By J. GUNNAR BACK

THERE is a great deal to be got from talking to people like Mari Sandoz and William Seabrook. Perhaps I did not inquire enough into their writing habits to fill out my corner with something you will read, but here is some stray stuff that has come out as I have talked to the two writers separately over glasses of beer and slug-gish grub, like thickly-may-onnaised tuna fish salads and French fries (which keep me heavy-lidded, unable to write). No beer for Seabrook, of course, since he took the cure described in "Asylum." Miss Sandoz will take some of the foam if the party has gathered to sing German songs.



Mr. Back

The matter that interested me was discipline. When do they work at their typewriters, how long, what are the distractions?

It was not long before I perceived that Seabrook and Sandoz work at their writing as insistently as the most marshalled bookkeeper. Getting at it and staying with it are regulated by compelling mental time-clocks so much a part of habit that there is scarcely no problem. This discipline conquers in varying degrees indispositions of the body, invitations to cocktail parties, visiting friends, good reading, and other socialities. All of these are fitted in, to be sure, but nearly every day must show some achievement on the writing project which interests the writer.

SUCH a discipline is the first piece of mechanics a writer must acquire, and it is no new thing for me to say so.

When Scotch was making a muddle of this routine for William Seabrook, he shook off his taste for the potation. When Mari Sandoz went home for a summer to the sandhills of Nebraska to work near her sources on "Slogum House," she found that her mother was unintentionally chatty about the many things that catch the attention of the sandhill folk—a new calf, a chipmunk in the sun near the kitchen, and so on.

Mari built herself a shack on the property where she could be away

from these interesting picayunes until she was ready for them.

If you have decided to write at four in the afternoon, says Dorothea Brande, in "Becoming a Writer" retire somewhere and write at four, though at that precise moment the conversation is just beginning to get interesting. Your rule doesn't have to be as rigid as that, but it expresses the general enforcement of will that makes a writer, whether he is pushed along by having something to say or is working at space rates.

WILLIAM SEABROOK was in Lincoln on a project you will soon see written up for a magazine and later worked into a book. He was trying to find out what what colleges are doing in courses on thinking. He visited a professor's class at the University of Nebraska. He took notes about everything, the teacher's method, the weather, the co-ed's hats. These he read off later in his hotel room to a public stenographer. The typewritten sheets went into folders, the inchoate material, notes, sentences, paragraphs, whole episodes from which the articles would be written.

He had found that he could work well beginning at six in the morning. That was the hour he began, even when traveling. An hour's sleep in the afternoon took drowsiness away. Three days in Lincoln, there was much to be done, and it was done by inflexible discipline. If the stenographer's religious beliefs didn't interfere, could she come in at 9:00 Sunday morning? Yet even the high school reporter was not slighted and the radio interviewer had his most tractable subject of the year. There was a constant economy of hours at work, but it was not noticeable to those who wanted Seabrook's time.

The author of "Magic Island" and "Jungle Ways" works on his writing from four to six hours a day, four is an average, six is good. When actually getting ready for the editor or publisher, he writes at least 1,000 words a day. He feels that no author can turn out a sound volume at any rate greater than one a year, one every two years would be no snail's pace.

MARI SANDOZ'S Atlantic prize-winning "Old Jules" appeared in 1935. As a manuscript it had gone begging, as had 77 of Mari's short stories, representing years of confidence and

hope, which were poor eating indeed. Little, Brown took "Old Jules," a book club did also, as it took Seabrook's "Magic Island," and the sale was big. The dogged author of the 77 stories and a book moved to her proper place as one of America's foremost interpreters of a region, the West of the prairie states. At this writing her "Slogum House," another unshel-lacked tale of Nebraska, has been barred by two Nebraska public libraries and has sold 22,000 copies.

Mari waited almost three years before following up the success of "Old Jules." I have no doubt the publishers should have liked to hurry her, before the women's literary societies forgot the shocking pungency of the first book. But Miss Sandoz was not to be hurried. She had had "Slogum House" in mind 15 years before, but words do not go down on paper too glibly when they tell with stern fidelity the story of an epoch of the West.

Like Seabrook, Mari Sandoz is a note-taker. She worked years preparing for "Old Jules," reading every newspaper file in the state, covering publication from 1880 to 1929. She scoured archives, talked to old-timers. For what? To write a biography of her father, whom she had known so well.

IN the kitchen of Mari Sandoz's apartment there is a shopping bag. Into it she throws notes she has taken—at a party, in a restaurant (she likes restaurants where there are paper napkins), on the train—snatches of remembrance, of dialogue, a description of a scene.

Later the shopping bag is tipped, the notes sorted, given some sequence, used or discarded. I had been thinking of doing a story on northern Michigan, the great pine country, my home, but what could I do about it in Nebraska, so unlike the Upper Peninsula without trees, without woodsmen? Mari's advice was urgent. Start now. Write notes. Recall things. Write them out now as best you can. Then you will have begun your book.

Miss Sandoz has set 1940 as the publication year of her next books, the biographies of two Indian chiefs. She spent last summer with the Indians in Montana; she is now working in the Congressional Library in Washington. When she is actually writing, she sets no daily word-goal, but she writes five or six hours a day, at no special time, only remembering that writing is a job. And she writes with the radio on, if it is turned low and the program is tolerable.

And that is how two writers really work.

Yes!

[Concluded from page 14]

ism directly related to, and having relations with, other organisms and his environment.

JOURNALISM courses were the off-spring at first of English teaching. They still require the best that English-teaching can produce. But training for journalism soon outgrew those first resources, and its newer nourishment has been taken from the social sciences. That body-building sustenance it will also still require, but to grow it will have to forage on other frontiers.

That is "the job of the journalism teacher," if you ask me—to forage on new frontiers and to solve the professional problem of somehow assimilating what he finds. It's a pioneering job on which the teachers can already show real progress. They are well ahead of the procession of their critics, most of whom don't know what the schools actually are doing and who base their criticism mainly upon the notion that college training for journalism consists of attenuated courses on the technics of reporting, copy-reading and typesetting.

The mechanics of the business are just as important as ever, and they must be well taught, but it is the social uses to which they are put which are rightly enlisting the larger concern.

Some of the better British journalists seem very pessimistic about the press, and have no hope that so long as it remains a commercial enterprise journalism can attain the true status of a profession.

That was my impression in reading the report of the International Institute of Intellectual Cooperation to the League of Nations on "The Educational Rôle of the Press," published three years ago. It is encouraging, therefore, that the American schools of journalism are paying more attention, in new courses, to the business side of the newspaper. These courses will inevitably stress the ethical side and the social significance of news sold for profit. That is bound to be the professional approach.

Here again it will be proved that journalism teaching in universities can and does improve the press itself. It supplies the press with better-trained workers. And it brings to bear upon the problems of the press the searchlight of sympathetic study and disinterested research.

AS educators we feel more keenly, perhaps, than most editors and publishers, a strong sense of responsibility

for the educational function of the press. We know from the recent monograph on "How Adults Read" by Prof. Guy Thomas Buswell, of the University of Chicago, and from similar studies, that better than 90 per cent of 975 adults selected at random and ranging from a sixth-grade education to college status read newspapers regularly—whereas only 40 per cent read magazines regularly and only 34 per cent read many books.

It is from the newspapers, largely, that these people get their view of the world and their cue as to how to behave in it. And then we turn to such a fruitful study as Dr. Douglas Waples' recently published "People and Print," another University of Chicago product, with its inquiry into the reading attitudes, habits and difficulties of adults as affected by the depression—showing how the cultural patterns of the people must have changed and how the types of their behavior may have been influenced. The book opens up avenues for possible journalistic research in a dozen directions.

And so the progressive journalism teacher sees two tasks confronting him. There is the endless and enormously difficult task of training students to know enough, and to write well enough, to help in synthesizing and "humanizing" knowledge for the masses of newspaper readers. He has had to do this for his own students,

and to get help from those who could help, as we have seen. Can he now somehow pass on the same incentive and ability to his students?

The second task is to stake out for himself some promising problem of journalistic research, indispensable to his own intellectual and professional growth, stimulating to his teaching, and useful to the press itself.

And now there is the radio, already become a powerful agent of news dissemination and interpretation. Here is a new technique, with different demands and changed requirements. The newspaper-trained professor has something new himself to learn before he can expect to train others for its use.

All these things are the job of the journalism teacher, if you please—and his place is secure if he will work at it. He will need to define, and constantly redefine, his objectives—just as he has been doing. There will be no set and static pattern for the job. (A good word, the "job"—to be spelled in capital letters!)

"The job determines its own conditions," Mr. W. J. Cameron of the Ford Motor Company told the annual industrial research conference held last fall. It seemed to me there was great insight in his words. "No man lives with his job without the job teaching him what to do about it," Cameron said. "The job leads us on, sometimes itself disappearing into another job that leads us further."

What more inviting prospect can you ask?

Tillie's Taskmaster [Concluded from page 9]

dying. After coughing once or twice I was convinced that it was only my imagination because my eardrums became accustomed to the pressure and my hearing became normal."

Westover has seen sunsets on the desert, on the ocean and from mountain tops but he says there is nothing as beautiful as a sunset seen from a plane.

"Especially," he added, "when you are beginning to get drowsy from the drone of the motor. It gives you a feeling of being in heaven."

Westover has celebrated his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary with Mrs. Westover who resembles Tillie in many ways. Russ, Junior, was secretly married during his senior year at the University of Virginia. He passed the California bar last summer and now maintains a law office in San Francisco.

The youngest Westover, Alden, was graduated from New Rochelle High School where he captained the hockey team and played football, basketball and baseball.

WHILE "Tillie the Toiler" appears in more than 300 newspapers both in America and in a score of foreign countries, foreign syndication creates many problems because of censorship.

Only recently, the Tokyo police rushed over to the offices of the *Nichi-Nichi*, a newspaper, and all but wrecked the place because in the comic strip the night previous, Tillie had kissed Mac. You see, public osculation is not permitted in Japan.

Russ says that it's some job to produce a comic strip pleasing to a large number of people. That and worrying about Tillie's love affairs have made him prematurely grey.

Had You Heard—

By DONALD D. HOOVER

PERHAPS we are just a bit worried since reading those words of Horace which advise—"Ye who write, choose a subject suited to your abilities." . . . JOHN K. KOEPF, promotion manager, Cincinnati *Post*, has resigned and is succeeded by FRANK KOESTER, his assistant. . . . For outstanding community service, EDWIN C. HEWES, editor and publisher, Danville (Ill.) *Commercial-News*, was officially instated as "Danville's Citizen No. 1." . . . For a unique vacation, H. D. PAULSON, editor, Fargo (N. D.) *Forum*, chose a boat trip down the Mississippi, through the gulf and Florida's inland waterways to Miami—we wouldn't care how we got there either. . . . The newly appointed sports editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* is RUFUS STANLEY WOODWARD, formerly of the sports staff. . . . Previously with the Hearst organization, HARRY HAYDEN has been appointed assistant advertising manager of *Look*. . . . A new pictorial magazine, designed to depict campus life, *Varpic*, will make its debut in Columbus, O., in the very near future. . . . Australia and New Zealand are on the itinerary of MR. and MRS. SIDNEY HARRIS, publishers of the Ottawa (Kan.) *Herald*, and daughter, bound for the fascinating southern Pacific. . . . CLAUDE LAWTER of the Concordia (Mo.) *Concordian* isn't so keen about gasoline as a fuel, since his recent accident. . . . R. R. BRINKERHOFF, editor, Utica (O.) *Herald*, seems to have lost some of his enthusiasm for betting since paying off a losing wager to his Woman's Eye page editor the other day. . . . The publishing of the Ethan (S. D.) *Enterprise* has been turned over to EDWARD NOBLE by C. L. FLINT, who has announced no definite plans for the future. . . . Four-score years and one is the service record of CLARENCE E. WHITE'S River Falls (Wis.) *Journal*. . . . The William Thompson Dewart Scholarship has been established at Union College, Schenectady, by WILLIAM T. DEWART, president and publisher, New York *Sun*. . . . Orchids to MRS. EUGENE F. BALDWIN, widow of the founder of Peoria (Ill.) *Star*, and one of the oldest newspaper publishers in the U. S., who recently celebrated her 94th birthday anniversary. . . . An extended tour of the Dark Continent is being endured (see Webster's) by GARDINER KLINE, president, Amsterdam (N. Y.) *Evening*

Recorder, who is hoping to return to America in the "merry merry month." . . . Publisher HARRY NEWMAN announced the appointment of HARRY SELDEN as managing editor of *Judge*, effective with the March issue. . . . ROSS COLLINS, formerly with Cowan & Van Leer, Inc., has joined the staff of *Harper's Bazaar*. . . . JOHN F. VANCE, formerly associate editor of *Fortune* and later production manager of *Fortune*, *Life* and *Architectural Forum*, has resigned. . . . Editor CHESTER K. SHORE, Augusta (Kan.) *Gazette*, received some novel letters in response to his "Give the Editor Hell" week, which was held recently. . . . An interesting exhibit is the sheepskin homestead deed, signed by President Monroe in 1823, on display among the old papers in the office of T. E. WYATT, publisher, Clanton (Ala.) *Union Banner*. . . . An interesting discovery of MRS. LOUISE P. KNIGHT of the Laconia (N. H.) *Evening Citizen* was a page of *Poor Richard Almanac*, dated March and April, 1767, published by Benjamin Franklin. . . . Speaking of old copies, folks out in North Dakota are scouring their attics for a possible first issue (1888) of the *Turtle Mountain Star*, for which Publisher J. F. MOTT has offered a substantial prize. . . . KARL H. VON WIEGAND made an aerial tour of the China war zone in order to write a series of articles for *INS*. . . . Another newcomer in Shanghai is ELMER W. PETERSON, stationed at the AP bureau and formerly of the editorial desk of the Washington office. . . . A "bon voyage" luncheon was tendered PIERRE DENOYER, U. S. correspondent for *Le Petit Parisien*, and Mrs. Denoyer before sailing for France where he has been recalled to assume an editorial position. . . . The recently elected vice-president and treasurer of the Norristown (Pa.) *Herald*, is WALTER A. WILSON, succeeding GORDON H. KITE, retired. . . . The Walla Walla (Wash.) *Morning Union* and *Daily Bulletin* were merged a short time ago by publisher, JOHN G. KELLY, owner. . . . Hendrix College, Conway, Ark., is the new address of MISS M. VIRGINIA GARNER, professor of journalism, formerly of Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga. . . . GEORGE T. EGGLESTON, formerly editor of the old *Life* and more recently art editor of the photographic *Life*, has joined Scribner's magazine as associate publisher.

THE QUILL for March, 1938

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• THE BOOK BEAT •

Franklin's Magazine

THE GENERAL MAGAZINE, and *Historical Chronicle* for all the British Plantations in America, published by Benjamin Franklin. With a bibliographical note by Lyon N. Richardson. Published for the Facsimile Text Society by the Columbia University Press, 2960 Broadway, New York City. Pages 13 + 438. \$3.00.

Here, in exact facsimile in one bound volume, are all six issues of the *General Magazine*, probably the first magazine planned in the British-American Colonies, but the second to actually appear. Apparently Andrew Bradford's *The American Magazine* made its first appearance Friday, Feb. 13, 1741, while the *General Magazine* was published the following Monday.

The *General Magazine* was published in Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin, who issued monthly numbers for January through June, 1741. The previous year Franklin, then aged 34, had decided to issue a magazine relating to American affairs and patterned on the current English journals. He conferred with John Webbe, a lawyer, concerning a proposal whereby Webbe would become the editor. Webbe, however, discussed Franklin's proposal with Andrew Bradford, rival Philadelphia printer who had been forced to yield the postmastership to Franklin, and Bradford made him a better proposition. There then followed a race to see which printer would first have a magazine actually ready for sale. Both promised initial issues several times, but it now appears that Franklin in the end lost the race by a few days. Franklin's venture, however, lasted twice as long as Bradford's, the latter bringing out only three issues of *The American Magazine*. (The present *Saturday Evening Post*, which claims Franklin as its founder, takes its descent not from the *General Magazine* but from Franklin's weekly newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*.)

As the *General Magazine* was a miscellany composed largely of selections from various American and English sources, especially pamphlets and newspapers, a definite picture of the times is shown in its pages, and certain events of associative value can be recalled.

There seems to be no perfect file of the *General Magazine*, though two are nearly perfect: one at Yale University and the other at the New York

Public Library. The text for this facsimile edition of the original has been made chiefly from the latter copy, supplemented by some pages from the Yale copy.

Evanston Background

THE WAX APPLE, Mary Jane Ward. E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y. 312 pp. \$2.50.

When an author turns out a story that draws together the typical reality of a section, or a city, or a part of a city, you can be sure that he has roots in his material.

Mary Jane Ward wrote "The Wax Apple" out of the environment of Evanston, Ill. It is the story of two Chicago families, living in a little duplex flat on an unimportant suburban Chicago street. It might have been the story of the people next door to them, or on the next street over. For these people are typical, working in the "L" station newsstand, in the neighborhood meat market, going to the movies, reading the drug-store novels, believing in slogans. But they are as true as the dirty dishes in the kitchen, or the pink-and-blue roses in the wallpaper.

The Sherer and Lundmark children of "The Wax Apple" grew up together, played kid games after supper under the street lamp. Suddenly become adults, they find nothing in their surface world to set up against the un-understood insecurity, the maladjustments, the falling in love. Their elders have nothing to tell them. A climax of tragedy only punctuates lives which must go on struggling without weapons.

Miss Ward wrote her first novel, *The Tree Has Roots*, after serving as short-story editor and book reviewer on the *Evanston News-Index*, her home-town paper. Her background is diversified, including studies in music and art. She has worked at Marshall Field's, for a mail-order house, at a summer camp. Her Sherers and Lundmarks live in a Chicago that is as much Mary Jane Ward's as theirs.—J. GUNNAR BACK.

Vatican Reporter

A REPORTER AT THE PAPAL COURT, by Thomas B. Morgan. Longmans, Green and Co., 114 Fifth Ave., New York. 302 pp. \$3.00.

Here is an intimate, informative account of newsgathering in one of the

most important news centers in the world—Vatican City.

Written by a non-Catholic correspondent, Thomas B. Morgan, who has been covering the Vatican since 1921, it relates the life story of the present Pope, details various ceremonies, tells how a new Pope is selected when death calls the reigning one, furnishes many interesting sidelights on the life within the Papal state.

Mr. Morgan has written what is probably the most interesting and at the same time informative stories of the Vatican ever penned. His account should appeal to any reader—whether Catholic or not—particularly to any newspaperman. Not only for its story of one of the most unusual of journalistic assignments—but also for its background of information on the operation of the Church.

News events in which the Vatican has figured in recent years—such as the healing of the breach between the Italian Government and the Church—become breaking news stories in this story of a reporter and his job.

Missourian Procession

TIME OF OUR LIVES, by Orrick Johns. Stackpole Sons, 250 Park Ave., New York. 353 pp. \$3.00.

This volume, setting out to be the story of George Sibley Johns, for 50 years a member of the staff of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and once its fighting editor, and his son, is more than that.

It is a story of St. Louis, and, even more than that, of an era or an epoch in American history. It is a biography of the father, an autobiography of the son—a somewhat puzzled son, it appears, trying to fit himself into a rapidly changing America.

The volume is full of names—some of them familiar names of a period rapidly slipping into the past, some of them not so well known but nevertheless interesting. There are anecdotes about many personages, incidents and sidelights that are interesting yet somehow fall short of what they might have been.

We would have preferred that Orrick Johns had not tried to encompass so much in this one volume—that there had been a more clear cut and more closely adhered to direction to his efforts.

The life of George Sibley Johns, his work with the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, his relations with Pulitzer, with others of the Pulitzer organization, his crusades, his editorial battles for a better city, deserve to have been given an entire volume.

Kiper's Kolumn

By JAMES C. KIPER

Executive Secretary,
Sigma Delta Chi.

GROWING steadily in popularity, the forum and professional discussion meeting is being used by many Sigma Delta Chi undergraduate and alumni chapters. This type of meeting is instructive, entertaining and at the same time enables members of the professional journalistic organization to meet socially.

Most recent of the WISCONSIN chapter's forums was held March 3. The subject—"The Art of Ballyhoo." Speakers included Sverre O. Braathen, attorney for several circuses; William B. Antes, press agent for Russell Bros. circus the past two seasons; Bob Fisher, member of famous circus family formerly with Ringling Bros., Sells-Floto, Al G. Barnes and others. Madison newspapermen presented the newspaper's attitude. The MADISON alumni chapter is co-sponsor of the forums.

The STANFORD undergraduate and SAN FRANCISCO alumni chapters are conducting a series of forum meetings this year. "The Relations of the Press and the Bar" was the subject of the meeting held Feb. 25. Speakers included a district attorney, a well known defense counsel, and the news editor of the San Francisco News. All members of the Executive and Advisory Committees of the California Newspaper Publishers Association were guests, as were numerous members of the bar, judges, and newspapermen. . . . Chester H. Rowell, editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, elected national honorary member of Sigma Delta Chi by the 1937 convention, was initiated. . . . The chapters have been invited by an official of the California state bar association to sponsor the appointment of a joint committee to draft a code of conduct for newspapers, lawyers, and judges.

Charles Henry Dennis (Illinois Assoc.), editor emeritus of the Chicago Daily News, will be honored April 25 at the joint Founders' Day banquet of the CHAMPAIGN-URBANA alumni and ILLINOIS undergraduate chapters of Sigma Delta Chi. Speakers will be Col. Frank Knox (Nat'l Honorary), publisher of the News, Paul

Scott Mowrer (Michigan Assoc.), editor of the News, and Will W. Loomis, president of the National Editorial Association and honorary national president of Sigma Delta Chi. Editors and publishers and Sigma Delta Chi members throughout Illinois are being invited.

MARQUETTE Sigma Delta Chi alumni gathered Jan. 23 to pay tribute to J. L. O'Sullivan on his tenth anniversary as dean of the College of Journalism. Following the testimonial dinner the alumni took steps to organize a MILWAUKEE Alumni chapter. . . . Thirty-nine members attended. . . . Hassel T. Sullivan, managing editor of the Milwaukee News, was initiated as an associate member, as his son, Julian, became an undergraduate member.

The University of OREGON chapter caught Eric W. Allen, dean of the university's school of journalism, off guard and surprised him totally by turning the final session of the Oregon Press Association, Jan. 22, into a testimonial dinner for the veteran newspaperman-teacher. It was the dean's twenty-fifth anniversary as a journalism teacher at the university, and also the chapter's twenty-fifth anniversary. The chapter presented Dean Allen with a gold watch, chain and Sigma Delta Chi key. With the gift went a volume of congratulatory letters from Sigma Delta Chi national officers, former students and other admirers.

Applications are being received by the INDIANA University chapter for its \$200 scholarship, awarded annually to an outstanding sophomore on the basis of scholarship, journalistic ability, character and financial need. . . . Six high school journalists recently received medals for work submitted in the SOUTH DAKOTA STATE College chapter's high school writers contest. A contest is conducted every three months. . . . The OKLAHOMA chapter will hold its annual gridiron banquet late in March or early in April. . . . The NORTHWESTERN chapter has appointed committees to be in charge of events at the sixth annual Medill Press Conference. The conference will probably be held about May. More than three hundred high school journalists are expected to attend.

DALLAS alumni and SMU undergraduate chapters have scheduled the second annual all-Texas Sigma Delta Chi Founders' Day celebration for early in April. . . . OHIO STATE chapter and alumni of COLUMBUS recently initiated five prominent Ohio

newspapermen as associate members. The new members are: Robert S. Brown, editor, Columbus Citizen; Ed M. Martin, executive director, Ohio Newspaper association; George A. Smallsreed, managing editor, Columbus Dispatch; Claud F. Weimer, managing editor, Columbus Citizen, and H. Preston Wolfe, assistant to the editor of the Columbus Dispatch.



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No!

[Continued from page 13]

But the ancient legal maxim that two wrongs cannot make a right may here be invoked to suggest that we must seek to develop a curriculum which has intellectual content and which requires intellectual effort and that from such a course of study all these subjects—and public administration—will be conspicuously absent.

Nor is it an answer to say that public life is important. Of course it is. So are charm, personality, getting married, and journalism. I concede, too, that the subject matter of the curriculum should be important. But the problem of managers of educational institutions is always the problem of emphasis and selection. When there are so many important things to teach we must select those that have the following characteristics: (a) they must be subjects that are, as nearly as we can determine, fundamental; and (b) subjects that can be taught.

I have already shown that public administration can't be taught. It is easy to show that it is not fundamental. Public life deals with action upon organizations in particular situations. The ends of action, the nature of organizations, and the qualities of men are all prior, from the standpoint of understanding, to the actions that constitute the alleged subject matter of courses designed to prepare men directly for public life.

NOR is it an answer to say that there is a lot of information about the public service. I do not doubt it. I do not doubt either that it is possible to present this information to students, to have them pass examinations on it, to give them credits for it if they pass, and send them home in disgrace if they do not. I believe that there is enough such information to fill the combined catalogues and consume the entire time of the combined students of all the institutions in the country.

But what contribution should we be making to the preparation of men for public life? The information, insofar as it was useful, could be acquired without coming to college to get it. And it is almost impossible to tell whether it is useful until the individual in question has got a job and has discovered what he needs to know.

NOW I do not deny for a moment that it is very necessary for somebody to collect and make available all the information that can be obtained about the organization and operation of all the political units in this country.

University professors may, if they

insist, collect this information and impart it to students who are going to become university professors and then in turn engage in the collection of such information and impart it to their students. Assembling these data is a useful, if somewhat pedestrian task. If universities and research institutes want to pay people to do it and train other people to do it, that is their business. But that has nothing to do with the role of such data or their collection in a college course of study which hopes to prepare students for public life.

Now if public administration is not a subject matter that can be taught in college are the colleges helpless to assist the country through the preparation of men and women who will be intelligent public servants? By no means. The colleges have a direct and conspicuous service to perform in this connection. They can give their students an education. If they should do this, they would find that they had done the very best thing that could be done for the country.

Of course I do not refer to the kind of education that we give our students now. That may be useful in providing the insignia necessary to gain entrance to professional schools and university clubs. But since we cannot claim that our graduates can even read or write, the less we boast about the education we give them the better. What kind of education can we give them that will not only help them to lead happy and effective lives but will also contribute to make them leaders of men?

I take it that we are not interested in qualifying petty office holders for routine positions. We want our graduates to exert some influence in the formulation as well as the execution of policy. The course of study, too, should be one that the student cannot master without our aid. It should be one where teaching, instruction, and guidance are of some help. And finally it should be a course of study which, instead of being composed of little fake experiences, is made up of material which the student cannot learn from living, or if he can, only after a long period of trial and error which we should wish to spare him.

I suggest that we try to communicate to our students the traditional wisdom of the race. Much of this deals with public life, public service, and public administration. A student who studied it might therefore be educated and he might be prepared for public life as well. One objection I have to courses

of study in public administration is that they may displace education. I cherish the notion that students ought to be educated. The proposal I am making can prepare them for public life without interfering with their education. In fact, the materials studied would contribute to their education.

FOR a large part of the accumulated wisdom of the race has to do, as I have suggested, with the organization and management, the birth, progress, and death of political institutions. The great works of history beginning with Herodotus and Thucydides and coming down to the present day are full of penetrating analyses of actions in immediate concrete situations.

The greater the works the more penetrating the analyses. And so in the realm of what used to be called practical philosophy, the field of ethics and politics, we have in Plato's Republic, in the Ethics and Politics of Aristotle, and in writers since then like William James and John Dewey, subtle and sophisticated analyses of the ends of political societies and the means by which they may be attained.

It seems to me self-evident that the best educational equipment for public life is a thorough knowledge of the moral and political wisdom accumulated through our intellectual history. This young people cannot acquire either in their idle hours or in the hurly-burly of practical life. This is something the colleges can give them. It is, I venture to think the only thing the colleges can give them that will qualify them for the public service.

If the years of a man's life are three score and ten, and if the college is to have only four of them, we should, I think, make those years count by trying to do in them something that only we can do. Hence character, personality, charm, vocational and matrimonial preparation, and journalism, valuable as they are, do not seem to me the first responsibility of our institutions.

The first responsibility of the college is to help the student to understand the traditional wisdom of the race. A college which fails to do this fails, though it has the best teams and the best social life, though it places more of its students in jobs than any other and publishes the largest catalogue in the country. A college which succeeds in doing this succeeds; and it succeeds not only in educating its students but in preparing them for public life; for as an ancient sage remarked, "The same education and the same habits will be found to make a good man and a good statesman and king."

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

JOHN F. GOLAY (Southern California '38), editor of the *Daily Trojan* at USC, has been selected as one of four young men from the western states for Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford University. The award carries a grant of \$2,000. Golay, who is treasurer of the U. of Southern California chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, will leave for England in October.

★
GEORGE H. GALLUP (Iowa '24), noted for his polls of public opinion, has been elected a vice-president of Young & Rubicam, New York.

★
JOSEPH D. BARBER (Iowa '35), formerly with the *Des Moines Register* and *Dallas News*, is now a member of the publicity staff of Paramount Pictures, Inc., at Hollywood.

★
DETLEF PERTERSEN (Iowa '35) is in charge of the *United Press* bureau at Fort Wayne, Ind.

★
ROBERT E. JOHNSON (Washington '28) has been appointed director of advertising and publicity for United Air Lines at Chicago. He was formerly assistant to the vice-president in charge of traffic.

★
JACK GOULD (SMU '33) is covering city hall, politics and special assignments for the *Port Arthur (Texas) News*.

★
BLACKWELL ARENDALE (Texas '32), police reporter for the *Port Arthur (Texas) News*, was married recently to Miss Frances Sydnies.

★
J. C. WATKINS (Texas '30) is handling publicity for the *Port Arthur, Texas*, chamber of commerce.

★
MELVILLE E. METCALFE (Oklahoma '27) is with the advertising department of the *Port Arthur (Texas) News*.

★
CLAUDE C. CURTIS (Missouri '28) has established the Curtis Advertising Agency with headquarters at 217 E. Harrison, Harlingen, Texas, and is serving industries in the Lower Rio Grande Valley.

★
HERRICK B. YOUNG (Indiana '25) is director of the department of missionary personnel for the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, with headquarters in New York City. Young returned to this country recently after spending ten years in Persia with this organization.

★
STANLEY ORNE (Wisconsin '22) is an instructor in journalism and assistant in the information service for the University of Hawaii, at Honolulu.

★
FRED W. SPEERS (Stanford '28) is editor of the *North Platte (Neb.) Daily Bulletin*, which was recently purchased by the North Platte Publishing Company.

★
DONALD THOMPSON (Drake '26) is a production director with the National Broadcasting Company in Chicago. He was for-

THE QUILL for March, 1938

IT is a pleasure to welcome Martin Sheridan back as a contributor to The Quill. Author of a number of interesting "Stories of the Strips," he pens the story of Russ Westover and "Tillie the Toller" for the current issue.

Sheridan, now a member of the staff of the *Providence Tribune* has had a wide journalistic experience, including newspaper work, publicity, magazine staff and radio continuity.

He has had articles and fiction in a variety of magazines, newspaper feature and magazine sections, trade and specialized journals.

He has written another interesting article for the comic strip series which will appear in an early issue.



Martin Sheridan

merly production manager with Station WHO, Des Moines.

★
ROY TAKENO (Southern California '36) is in charge of the English section of the *Japan-California Daily News*, published at Los Angeles. Takeno has held this position since shortly after graduation.

★
WESLEY E. FARMER (Washington '31) is production manager in the Los Angeles office of Botsford, Constantine & Gardner, advertising agency. Prior to taking over these duties late last year, he served three years as editor of the *Burbank (Calif.) News*.

★
PAUL F. EWING (Oregon '34), formerly with the *Seattle (Wash.) Star*, is now with the *Portland, Ore.*, bureau of *Associated Press*.

★
FRED A. HUBER, JR. (Michigan '34) is a district representative for Michigan Wheeler Papers Corporation, with headquarters in Detroit.

★
HARRY G. LUER (Wisconsin '32) is state supervisor in Wisconsin for the White Pine Blister Rust Control, conducted by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

★
PROF. FRED S. SIEBERT (Wisconsin '23), U. of Illinois School of Journalism faculty member, has been appointed secretary of the Illinois Press Association.

★
JOHN H. CRAIG (South Dakota State Assoc.) recently began his twelfth year as secretary-treasurer of the South Dakota State Press Association.

★
BRUCE MCCOY (Wisconsin '22), manager of the Louisiana Press Association, was the principal speaker at a meeting of the Fifth District of the association recently.

McCoy is also a member of the journalism faculty at Louisiana State University.

★
DONALD E. SMITH (Kansas '30), editor of the *Julesburg (Colo.) Grit-Advocate*, was recently married to Miss Bernadine L. Carroll of Ovid, Colo.

★
ALFRED MARSHALL (Northwestern Assoc.) has announced the establishment of Alfred Marshall & Associates, newspaper representatives, in New York City.

★
WALDO MC NAUGHT (Marquette '37) is on the editorial staff of the *Detroit (Mich.) Times*.

★
GORDON LEWIS (Marquette '37) is with the *United Press* in Detroit, Mich. He formerly was with the *Milwaukee Sentinel* financial department.

★
GERALD LISKA (Marquette '35), formerly feature editor of the Minneapolis bureau of *United Press*, is now sports editor of the *Freemont (O.) Messenger*.

★
FRED ZUSY (Marquette '37) is editing the *Crawford County News*, Prairie du Chien, Wis., and is correspondent for the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, the *Milwaukee Journal*, the *Capitol Times*, at Madison, and the *Chicago Daily Tribune*.

★
EDWARD SHANKE (Marquette '32) recently was transferred from the Milwaukee bureau of the *Associated Press* to the Berlin, Germany, bureau.

★
JAMES BORMAN (Marquette '34) is manager of the *Waukesha, Wis.*, bureau of the *Milwaukee Journal*.

★
Sixteen members of the Sigma Delta Chi Chapter at the University of Georgia took over the editorial reins of the alumni magazine there last month and published a special edition for the annual Georgia Press Institute. Besides articles contributed by chapter members and professors at the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, the 36-page Institute edition of the *Georgia Alumni Record* contained editorials by Institute officials, who are also leading journalists of the state.

★
ROBERT S. MATTHEWS, JR. (Florida '35) has resigned as city editor and sports editor of the *Goldsboro (N. C.) Daily News-Argus* to accept the appointment as director of public relations for Dodd College at Shreveport, La.

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AS WE VIEW IT

ATTACKS on schools of journalism are by no means new—so when President Robert M. Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, recently loosed a blast at the schools he didn't shake any of them to their foundations. They've been blasted at before—have withstood the shock, and have gone on about their business of trying to fit and inspire men and women for a place in the publishing world.

The language of President Hutchins' remarks, however, set his explosion somewhat apart from other such attacks.

"The shadiest educational ventures under respectable auspices," he termed them.

That's going pretty far. Dr. Hutchins is entitled to his opinions—and we reserve the same right for ourselves. Our opinion is that his characterization of the schools was unwarranted, an unjustified slur at a sincere body of men intent upon educating men and women for journalism. We don't believe that Dr. Hutchins knows the schools, what they are endeavoring to do and the changes they are effecting.

WE gather from his remarks, which are reprinted in this issue of *THE QUILL*, that he dislikes the idea of any vocational slant being given to an individual's education.

"What education cannot do," he declares, "is to prepare men and women for specific jobs."

If that be true, the colleges and universities could scarcely stop with journalism schools once they started on a campaign to purge the campus of anything that smacked of vocational or professional training.

They'd have to toss out engineering, medicine, law, pharmacy, agriculture, veterinary medicine and a lot of other schools and departments, including the colleges of education, along with the journalism schools and departments. Don't all of these endeavor to fit men and women for specific jobs?

And, as a matter of fact, isn't it just as well for a graduate to emerge from college with a general education, plus sufficient technical or professional training to enable him to fit himself into the workaday world, as it is to emerge an educated fool who may know all the Latin, Greek, philosophy, etc., to be had but who cannot turn his mind or hands to anything practical that might earn him a living?

THE pursuit of knowledge for its own sake," Dr. Hutchins observes, "is being rapidly obscured in colleges and universities and may soon be extinguished."

Perhaps so. But a good share of the blame for the trend to obscurity rests with the educators themselves—those learned folk of the colleges of education who have so lost themselves in the theories, the niceties, the pedagogical pathways of imparting knowledge that they have forgotten how to *teach*, to *inspire*.

Not all teachers fall into this classification, however. Nor have all college students, including those in journalism schools, lost sight of knowledge or learning for its own sake.

The journalism student, or the student in any other college or school, is pretty much of a realist these days. A rather sober, practical-minded individual. He knows he's going up against a world not any too anxious to receive him—be he an arts graduate or the graduate of a journalism school.

He knows something of the satisfaction of providing substantial intellectual fare for the inner man—but he also knows, or will presently know, the need, the hunger of the physical man.

So, he tries to prepare himself for a definite niche in the world he must face after graduation—and his college or university aid him to do so. If he loses sight of knowledge for its own sake in the process it is hardly entirely his fault.

Side Glances

—By George Clark



Courtesy N.E.A. Service

"I hope none of you boys think I can teach you anything that will help you make money."

Mencken

[Concluded from page 11]

magazine had "abandoned completely its preoccupation wholly with the American scene" and that in the future it would "treat foreign topics with the same uncompromising realism with which it for ten years dealt with purely American themes and personalities."

Henry Hazlitt, formerly literary editor of the *New York Sun* and of the *Nation*, became editor of the *Mercury* in January, 1934. After a few months he was succeeded by Charles Angoff, the magazine's managing editor. The sale of the magazine to Lawrence E. Spivak, business manager of the magazine for several years, was announced in January, 1935. Mr. Spivak became publisher and Paul Palmer, formerly Sunday editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and of the *New York World*, and also an editor on the *Baltimore Sun*, was named editor. Laurence Stallings, playwright and formerly literary editor of the *New York World*, was made literary editor, and Louis Untermeyer, poetry editor. Gordon Carroll, once a member of the *New York Sun* staff, later succeeded Lombard C. Jones as managing editor.

From the standpoint of the potential contributor, the policy of the *Mercury*, according to Mr. Carroll, is "to print the truth about any subject of general interest."

"Hence," he continues, "any non-fiction article written for the *Mercury* must first contain the essential ingredient of truth. Second, it must concern a topic of real public interest. Third, it must offer genuine literary merit as well. Fourth, it must be written in forceful language. Fifth, it must display candor—but not vituperation. Lastly, it must present fresh information, not stale material dressed in new and facile words. Any manuscript containing some of these elements is certain of a thorough reading in the *Mercury* office; if it satisfactorily meets all the conditions, the chances are it will promptly find its way into the bought-and-paid-for-file. . . .

"In the realm of fiction, verse, and essays, the *Mercury's* requirements are much the same, in the sense that our pages are open to any author, young and unknown or mature and established, who has something refreshing to say, and can say it in an irrepressible manner. Particularly are we in search of those youthful and diligent writers who, having collected a satchel-full of rejection slips from various editors, feel that only a well-known name can sell a manuscript.

It has never been the policy of the *Mercury* to concentrate on names alone, although I confess that our cover frequently carries the best. But a sizeable portion of our contents springs from the unknown and little known, and we are glad this is so. In the past 12 years, many novitiate authors have first seen the light of day in the *Mercury*. We hope that this will continue to be the case. And if there are any skeptics in the audience who believe that I am repeating an editorial platitude, I suggest that they study a few back issues of the maga-

zine. The unknown names will more than hold their own."

THE reduction in the size and price of the *Mercury* in October, 1936, has resulted in an increase in circulation of more than a hundred per cent. Reaching, among other groups, the same readers as *Harper's*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Forum*, the *Mercury* has a newsstand sale, according to Mr. Carroll, greater than the newsstand sale of these three combined.

The *Mercury* does not, according to Mr. Carroll, anticipate any changes in its policies in the near future.

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